

THE hour with its opportunity, its own individual beauty, comes but once. Grasp it!-Myrtle Reed.

God's Country and the Woman (Continued from last week.)

a number of men.

swifter progress. He had expected to overtake Lang within four or five hun-dred yards; but minute followed min-

BEHIND him came John Adare, and from the south Kaswisare, and BEHIND him came John Adare, and from the south Kaswisoon and his Crees, a yelling, triumphant horde of avengers now at the very doors of the Devil's Nest!

goors of the Devil's Nest!
Philip staggered a step aside, winded, panting, a warm trickle of blood
running over his face. He heard the
first thunder of the battering-ran
against the door, the rearing voice of
soloh Adare, and then a hand like ice
heard a his heart as he way lear heart smote his heart as he saw Jean hud-dled up in the snow. In an instant he was on his knees at the half-breed's was on his knees at the half-blees side. Jean was not dead. But in his eyes was a fading light that struck Philip with terror. A wan smile crept over his lips. With his head in Philip's arm, he whispered:

arm, he whispered:

"M'sieur, I am afraid I am struck
through thus, I do not know, but
I am afraid I lis voice was strangely
set of the structure of the structure of the structure
set of faint list. I is sould go
you must know, he went on, and
Philip bent low to hear his words
above the roar of voices and the
crashing of the battering-ram. "You
must know—to take my place in the
fight for Josephine. I think—you have
guessed it. The baby was not Jose
phine's. It was Mirlani'e's

phine's. It was Miriam's!"
"Yes, yes, Jean!" cried Philip into
the fading eyes. "That was what I
guessed!"

"Don't blame her-too much," strug gled Jean. "She went down into a world she didn't know. Lang-trapped her. And Josephine, to save her to save the baby, to save her father—did as Munito the White Star did to did as Munito the White Star did to save the Cree god. You know. You understand. Lang followed—to de-mand Josephine as the price of her mother. M'sieur, you must kill him!

The door had fallen in with a crash, and now over the crime-darkened por-tals of the Devil's Nest poured the avengers, with John Adare at their

"Go!" gasped Jean, almost rising to his knees. "You must meet this Lang before John Adare! Go-"

Philip sprang to his feet. The last of the forest people had poured through the door. Alone he stood— and stared. But not through the door! Two hundred yeards away a man was flying along the edge of the forest, and he had come from behind the walls of the Devil's Nest! He recognized him. It was Lang, the man be was to kill!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

In a moment the flying figure of the Free Trader had disappeared. With a last glance at Jean, who was slowly last glance at Jean, who was slowly sinking back into the snow, Philip dashed in pursuit. Where Lang had buried himself in the deeper forest the trees grew so thick that Philip could not see fifty yards shead of him. But, Lang's trail was distinct—and alone. He was running swiftly. Philip alone. had noticed that Lang had no rifle. He dropped his own now, and drew his pistol. Thus unencumbered he made in the crook of Thoreau's arm rested a rifle. Swift as a flash he raised it to his shoulder, the muzzle levelled at Philip's breast. Josephine had turn-From her smothered lips came ed. From her smothered his came a choking cry of agony. Philip had now raised his automatic. It was level with his waistline. From that position he had trained himself to fire with the deadly precision that is a part the deadly precision that is a part of the training of the men of the Royal Northwest Mounted. Before Thoreau's forefinger had pressed the trigger of his rifle a stream of fire shot out from the muzzle of the automatic. Thoreau did not move.

Thereau did not move. Then a shudder passed through him. His rifle dropped from his nerveless hands. Without moan he crumpled down into the snow. Three of the five bullet hand flashed like lightning from the black-muzzled Savage had massed completely though his holds. from the black-muzzied savage had passed completely through his body. It had all happened in a space so short that Lang had not stirred. Now he found himself looking into that little engine of death. With a cry of he found initial to the engine of death. With a cry of fear he staggered back.

Philip did not fire. He felt in him-

self now the tigerish madness that had seif now the ugerish manness that had been in John Adare. To him Thoreau had been no more than a wolf, one of the many at Devil's Nest. Lang was different. For all things this monster was accountable. He had no desire to was accountable. He had no desire to shoot. He wanted to reach him with his hands—to choke the life from him slowly, to hear from his own blacken-ing lips the confession that had come

dred yards; but minute followed min-ute in the mad race without another view of his enemy. He heard a few faint shouts back in the direction of the Devil's Nest, the barking of dogs, growing fainter and fainter. And then Lang's trail ied him unexpectedly into one of the foot-beaten aisles of the forest where there were the tracks of a number of men. ing lips the contession that had come through Jean Croisset. He knew that Josephine was on her feet now, that she was struggling to At this point the thick spruce formed a roof overhead that had shut out the fresh snow, and Philip lost several



The Splendid Farm Home on Engleburn Farm. In our issue of Oct. 19 appeared a writeup of Engleburn Farm, owned by Mr. M. S. Burnham, Peterboro Co., Ont. The illustration herewith shows the beautifully a structed home on this farm.

Situated home on this farm.

—Photo by an Editor of Farm and Dairy.

minutes before he found the place where Lang had left the trail to bury where Lang had left the trail to bury himself again in the unblased forest. Half a mile further he followed the Free Trader's trail without catching a glimpse of the man. He was at least a mile from the Devll's Nest when he heard sounds ahead of him. Beyond a clump of balsam he heard the volcas of man and than the white voices of men, and then the whine of a cuffed dog. Cautiously he picked his way through the thick cover until his way through the thick cover until he croughed does to the edge of a small open. In an instant it seemed as though the heart had leapt from his heart had leapt from his heart had leapt from his work on the heart had was chokened and within fitty paces of him were both Lang and Thoreau. But for a moment he scarcely saw them, or the powerful team of eight huskles, harmessed and waiting. For on the harnessed and waiting. For on the sledge, a cloth bound about her mouth, her hands tied behind her, was Jose-At sight of her Philip did not phine: At sight of her and the pause to plan an attack. The one thought that leapt into his brain like fire was that Lang and Thoreau had fooled the forest people—Josephine had not been taken to the Devil's Nest, and the property of the particular to get and the two were attempting to get away with her.

A cry burst from his lips as he ran A cry burst from his lips as he ran-from cover. Instantly the pair were facing him. Lang was still panting from his run. He held no weapons.

free her hands, but it was only in a switt glance that he saw this. In the ame breath he had dropped his pistol and was at Lang's throat. They went down together. Even Thoreau, a giant in size and strength, would not have been a match for him now. Every animal passion in him was roused to its worst. its worst

Lang's jaws shot apart, his eyes pr came out—the truded, his tongue came out—the breath rattled in his throat. Then for a moment Philip's death-grip relaxed. a moment Phinps death-grip relaxed.
He bent down until his lips were close
to the death-filled face of his victim.
"The truth, Lang, or I'll kill you!"
he whispered hoarsely.

And then he asked the question-and as he asked it Josephine freed her hands. She tore the cloth from her mouth, but before she could rush for-ward, through Lang's mottling lips had come the choking words:

'It was Miriam's.'

Again Philip's fingers sank in their death-grip in Lang's throat. Twenty seconds more and he would have fulfilled his pact with Jean. A scream from Josephine turned his eyes for an instant from his victim. Out of that instant from his victim. Out of the same cover of balsam three men were rushing upon him. A glance told him they were not of the forest people. He had time to gain his feet before they

It was a fight for life now, and his one hope lay in the fact that his as-sailants, escaping from the Nest, did not want to betray themselves by using The first man at him he firearms. struck a terrific blow that sent him A second caught his arm becould recover himself-and he then it was the hopeless struggle of one against three.

Josephine stood free. She had seen Philip drop his pistol and she sprang to the spot where it had fallen. It was buried under the snow. The four men were on the ground now, Philip under She heard a gasping sound—and then far away, something else: a sound that thrilled her, that sent her volce back through the forest in cry after

What she heard was the wailing of her dog pack following over the trail which her abductors had made in trail which her addreved has made had their flight from Adare House! A few steps away she saw a heavy stick in the snow. Flercely she tore it loose, ran back to the men, and began striking blindly at those who were choking

the life from Philip.

Lang had risen to his knees, clutch Lang had risen to his knees, clutching his throat, and now staggered toward her. She struck at him, and he cries now. Half a mile back in the forest they were coming in a gray, fletch horde. Only Josephine knew, as fierce horde. Only Josephine knew, as she struggled with Lang. Under his assailants, Philip's strength was leaving him. Iron fingers gripped at his throat. A flood of fire seemed bursthis head. Josephine's cries were drifting farther and farther away, and his face was as Lang's face had been few moments before.

a few moments before.

Nearer and nearer swept the pack, covering that last half mile with the speed of the wind, the huge yellow form of Hero leading the others by a body's length. They made no sound body's length.

When they shot out of the forest into the little opening they had come so silently that even Lang did not see them. In another moment they were upon him. Josephine staggered back, her eyes big and wild with horror. She saw him go down, and then his shrieks rang out like a madman's. The others were on their feet, and not until she saw Philip lying still and white on the snow dis the power of speech return to her fips. She sprang toward

"Kill! Kill! Kill!" she cried. "Here -Kill! Nipa Hao, boys! Beaver-Wolf-Hero -Captain -Kill -kill -

As her own voice rang out, Lang's screams ceased, and then she saw Philip dragging himself to his knees Philap dragging himself to his kneed a sudden surge in the pack, and those who could not get at Lang leaped upon the remaining three. With a cry Josephine fell upon her knees beside Philip. clasping his head in her arms, hold-ing him in the protection of her own breast as they looked upon the terrible

For a moment more she looked, and then she dropped her face on Philips shoulder with a ghastly cry. Still partly dazed, Philip stared. Screams such as he had never heard before such as he had never heard before came from the lips of the dying mea. From screams they turned to mea-ing cries, and then to a borrible sh-ence broken only by the snarling grid of the maddened dogs.

Strength returned to Philip quickly. He felt Josephine limp and lifeless in He felt Josephine limp and liferess in is arms, and with an effort he stagered to his feet, half carrying her. A few yards away was a small tepe he which Lang had kept her. He partly carried, partly dragged her to this and then he returned to the dogs.

vainly he called upon them to leave their victims. He was seeking for a club when through the balsam thicket burst John Adare and Father George at the head of a dozen men. In re-

(Concluded on page 17.)

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